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Journal of Edward Ellerker Williams

EDWARD ELLERKER WILLIAMS. Drawn by Himself. The original water-colour sketch was recovered from the Wreck of the *Don Juan* - - - - *Frontispiece*

Journal of
Edward Ellerker Williams

Companion of Shelley and Byron in 1821 and 1822

With an Introduction by

RICHARD GARNETT, C.B., LL.D.

LONDON
ELKIN MATHEWS, VIGO STREET
1902

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1902

TO

HENRY CLEVELAND

In memory of bye-gone days, and as a mark of appreciation of his great devotion to, and unremitting care of, Jane Williams, during the later portion of her long life, this little Book is most affectionately dedicated by her Grandson,

JOHN WHEELER WILLIAMS.

INTRODUCTION

It is no small testimony to the intellectual distinction of Shelley that, after the immature period during which he was capable of taking a Hitchener for a Hypatia, almost all the persons admitted by him to any degree of intimacy, or who had any title to speak of him as a friend, should have been remarkable for their talents or interesting for their adventures. It is to be feared that he by no means complied with the Apostolic injunction to suffer fools gladly. Peacock tells how he lay down in a ditch to elude one unwelcome visitor, and barricaded himself in a friend's house to escape another. Trelawny has been heard to relate how Shelley and he would be sitting in the topmost storey of a palazzo at Pisa, when there would be a ring at the ground floor, inaudible to all except Shelley, who would not only hear it but know whom it announced, and would start up in horror, exclaiming, "Trelawny! That's a bore!" "And sure enough," added Trelawny,

"the door would open, and *Taaffe* would come in." Yet even Taaffe had had romantic adventures in his youth, which this is not the place to record.

The unbroken friendship, therefore, which Edward Ellerker Williams maintained with Shelley for a year and a half, would prove him of other breed to the genus bore, even if his participation in Shelley's fate had not made him for ever interesting. He has moreover left proof what manner of man he was in the little journal which he kept during the period of his acquaintance with Shelley and Byron. Though the portions of this journal which have hitherto been printed are well known to and highly valued by all interested in the lives of the poets, it has not hitherto been published complete, nor are the published portions easily accessible. This defect will be remedied by the present little publication. Before considering the journal itself, it will be advisable to give some account of the writer, for the sake of those to whom he is known only as the friend of Shelley.

Edward Ellerker Williams was born on April 22nd, 1793, and was the son of Captain John Williams, an officer in the East India Company's army, not a merchant as erroneously stated in the *Dictionary of National Biography*. His father, who appears to have been a man of

unusual strength of character, spent most of his life as a Company's officer in India, and died on the voyage home in June, 1809. Young Williams's name appears in the Eton register for 1805, but he seems to have remained only a short time. Upon leaving school he entered the navy, but about 1811 obtained a commission in the Eighth Dragoons, and proceeded to India. While there he spent much time in making sketches of the country, which are now in the possession of his grandson, and indicate remarkable graphic talent. About 1819 he returned to England with the lady to whom he had united himself, sister of General John Wheeler Cleveland, of the Madras Army, and the Jane immortalised in so many of Shelley's poems. From the opening passages of the Journal it would appear that the young people's circumstances at home were not entirely propitious; and if, as asserted by Medwin, loss of property through the failure of an Indian bank was among their misfortunes, motives of economy may have had something to do with the migration to the Continent mentioned retrospectively at the beginning of this journal. Williams did not begin to keep a journal until October, 1821, more than two years after he had gone abroad. We have thus lost much of interest relating to the Shelleys, to whom, almost immediately upon his arrival at Pisa, he had been

introduced by Captain Medwin, a cousin of Shelley's, whom he had known in India as a brother officer, and who was staying at Pisa at the time. The first mention of acquaintance with the Shelleys is on January 19th, when the Shelleys call upon the new-comers, and from that time the intimacy was most complete. From October, 1821, to July, 1822, Williams's diary accounts for almost all his and his friends' actions, so far as the latter came under his observation. If many of the incidents recorded appear but trivial, the reader will not be insensible to the transparent simplicity of the unpretentious narrative, faithfully reflecting the character of the gentle, generous, and guileless author. Although, however, it may well be left to speak for itself, it will be desirable to give some account of its literary history.

After Williams's death his diary remained in the possession of his widow, by whom it was imparted to Mrs. Shelley. Mrs. Shelley copied a considerable portion, probably for use in the biography of Shelley which she then contemplated writing. Her extracts, in consequence, were chiefly, though not invariably, made with special reference to Shelley, and many passages of much interest not immediately relating to him were omitted. The intended biography was never written, and the only use

Mrs. Shelley made of her excerpts was to append those relating to the Shelleys' and the Williams's residence at Lerici to Letters 63 and 66 of her edition of Shelley's correspondence in his Essays and Letters from Abroad, 1840. Long after her death her little MS. book of extracts came to the notice of the present writer, who, when rectifying some regrettable observations in the second edition of Mr. Trelawny's *Last Days of Shelley and Byron*, through the medium of an article in the *Fortnightly Review* (June, 1878), seized the opportunity of varying the ungrateful theme by printing the greater part of the matter as yet unpublished. Some entries were omitted as insignificant, and others, including the entire narrative of the affair of the Dragoon, from considerations of space. Finally, Mr. Buxton Forman, the indefatigable editor of Shelley, brought the separately published portions together in the fourth volume of his edition of Shelley's prose works (1880). The Diary, consequently, has never until now been published as a whole; the published portions were accessible only as an item in a voluminous edition; nor had the original text been seen by any editor. It was not until, after the death of Mrs. Williams's daughter, Mrs. Lonsdale, the MS. passed into the hands of her grandson, Mr. J. Wheeler Williams, the youngest son of

her son Edward, that its contents, Mrs. Shelley's transcript apart, became known beyond the family circle. It is hoped and believed that Mr. Williams's decision to make them public in their entirety will be generally approved. It is true that the principal importance of the journal consists in the glimpses it affords of Byron and Shelley, and that most of these are included in Mrs. Shelley's excerpts already published. But many passages of much interest have been left untouched, such as the particular recital day by day of the vicissitudes of the Dragoon affair; the striking illustration of popular Italian superstition under date of October 25th, 1821; and the romantic, if barely credible, tale of jealousy and vengeance under May 27th, 1822. The most valid justification, nevertheless, is the fact that the character of a writer cannot well be exhibited by mere excerpts, and that the continuity of this narrative brings out, as selections made for a special purpose could never do, the extreme loveableness of the character of Edward Williams. Without any assumption or conscious posing he appears everywhere as an exemplar of the national character in its most pleasing aspects; manly and spirited; candid, loyal, affectionate and unpretentious; and capable of greater things than any recorded should necessity arise. Mrs.

Shelley's language in writing to Peacock appears fully justified:—

"It is not he (Shelley) alone I have lost, though that misery, swallowing up all others, has made me forgetful of all others. My best friend, my dear Edward, whom next to Shelley I loved, and whose virtues were worthy of the warmest affection, he too is gone."

Nor is the diary, artless though it be, in any way to be slighted as a literary composition. It makes no pretensions to remarkable graphic power, but impresses with a conviction of perfect truthfulness. So far as it goes, it represents persons precisely as they appeared to an observer of kindly feeling and sound judgment. It attempts nothing further, but entirely conforms to the law of its species as laid down by Lord Westbury:—"The essence of a journal is to be a diary of common things and occurrences, and an easy transcript of mental impressions without effort or premeditation."

None of Shelley's friendships, it may be confidently said, yielded him such substantial satisfaction as that between him and Williams. There is no vestige of a cloud, or of any action or word on the part of either which could have occasioned one. His ordinary relations with his friends were inverted. No one could have had more

opportunity of appreciating the truth which, with whatever trial to faith, we must believe to inhere in the declaration that it is more blessed to give than to receive. But now, whereas he had been accustomed to review his friends' novels and poems, a service which they did not reciprocate, and even Lord Byron set Mrs. Shelley to transcribe Werner and the third Canto of Childe Harold, Shelley found in Williams one who could not only write but write to his dictation. Williams's copy of the original manuscript of *Hellas* is in Mr. Locker-Lampson's library at Rowfant. Respecting the translation of Spinoza, unfortunately lost, Williams deposes under date of November 12th 1821:—"Shelley and I commence Spinoza, that is, I write while he dictates." A pleasing parallel to the case of Magnus and Mordaunt in *The Pirate*, who "sat up all night drinking brandy and water, that is, Magnus imbibing the alcohol, and Mordaunt the element." Of the beautiful lyrics which grew out of the intimacy it is needless to speak. They comprise "The serpent is shut out from Paradise," exceptionally addressed to Edward and Jane Williams jointly; "To a Lady with a Guitar," which in some moods one is inclined to deem the most exquisite of all Shelley's lyrics; the "Ariette for Music"; the "Boat on the Serchio," one of the few

pieces which offers recollections of Shelley's early life, and the charming poems addressed to Jane Williams, entitled, "The Invitation," and "The Recollection." These last, with others, have been absurdly claimed for an ex-Jane, Claire Clairmont; but really Miss Clairmont, having once discarded the name of Jane as beneath her desert, and ill-befitting the romantic career she proposed to herself, cannot be allowed to take it up and lay it down *ad libitum*, as the miser's *maître d'hotel* in Molière, who appears alternately as coachman and as cook. Moreover, she was not at Pisa at the time, unless astrally.

The children of Williams whose births are recorded in the Diary attained to maturity. The son, Edward Medwin, obtained, by Peacock's interest, a post in the India House. He married, in December, 1848, Ellen, eldest surviving daughter of Thomas and Susannah Ebsworth, and left several children, among them J. W. Williams, Esq., by whom this journal is now published, and by whom the original MS., with other interesting relics, was presented to the British Museum. The daughter, Rosalind, familiarly known as Dina, married Henry Sylvan Leigh, a son of Leigh Hunt, and was the mother of several children now living. Mrs. Williams, after some years, was united to Thomas Jefferson Hogg,

the biographer of Shelley: but when, in 1884, she herself was carried to the tomb, a small box was found, the contents of which, by her injunction, were interred along with her own remains at Kensal Green. The box contained the ashes of Edward Ellerker Williams.

Something should be said of the illustrations accompanying this little volume. The portrait of Williams is from a sketch made by himself, the original of which, recovered from the wreck of the Don Juan, has been presented to the British Museum by Mr. J. W. Williams. Williams was an excellent draughtsman, as his landscape drawings evince; and the resemblance to his descendants leaves no doubt of this portrait's adequate presentment of his frank and winning countenance.

The portrait of Mrs. Williams is from a photograph, an excellent likeness in the opinion of those best qualified to judge. There is another portrait by Clint (a brother-in-law of Mrs. Williams), executed much earlier—probably about 1830. It is reproduced in Dr. Guido Biagi's *Last Days of Percy Bysshe Shelley*, 1898.

The guitar depicted in the third illustration is, of course, the famous instrument given by Shelley to Mrs. Williams. Preserved with religious care by her and her

daughter, Mrs. Lonsdale, until the latter's death, it then, by the joint instrumentality of Mr. J. W. Williams and Mr. E. W. Silsbee,* of Massachusetts, found its way to the Bodleian Library, indicated as the most fitting receptacle by being already the depository of the Shelley MSS. and relics bequeathed by Lady Shelley. It was made at Florence in 1816 by Ferdinando Bottari. The strings, it is said, are such as could not now be made anywhere. The back is mahogany, the finger-board ebony, the front Swiss pine. Until this latter fact became known, neither the genesis, nor the full beauty and significance of the poem could be properly apprehended. We now see how the obvious thought of the imprisonment of the spirit of music in the instrument combined with the material of the latter to suggest Ariel's penance in the cloven pine: how easily Shelley's brilliant imagination identified himself with Ariel and Mrs. Williams with Miranda: and

* Mr. Silsbee was a most remarkable man; much such an one as Trelawny might have been if Trelawny could have been made amiable and gracious without parting with any of his native force. He had travelled far and thought much. A grizzled, weatherbeaten veteran of fine physique, his discourse was mainly of poetry and art, on both of which he would utter deeper sayings than are often to be found in print. He was the most enthusiastic critic of Shelley the present writer has known, but also the most acute and discriminating.

hence the birth of the charming allegory which could not have existed if Shelley had fulfilled his original intention of giving Mrs. Williams a harp, or if the instrument he substituted had not been partly made of pine wood.

In preparing this journal for the press, some few circumstances have been omitted, which appeared altogether too insignificant for publication; and it has been necessary to pass over others—not numerous or apparently of much importance—on account of the illegibility of the MS. from the fading of the ink, caused by its immersion in the wreck of the Don Juan. Initials have occasionally been filled up. In other respects the manuscript is printed exactly as the writer left it.

R. Garnett.

Journal of Edward Ellerker Williams

"I propose from this day to keep an exact journal of my actions and studies, both to assist my memory and to accustom me to set a due value on my time."

Introduction to Gibbon's Journal.

Sunday, October 21st, 1821. I have for some time past had it in my mind to keep a memorandum of my actions, and now feel great pleasure in commencing this book. While certain events of my life are yet fresh in my memory, I shall place them as under the head of occurrences of this day; for they have vividly occupied my thoughts, which have wandered over the countries we have passed through, and the mountains we have crossed; and I have found the fields of the one as fertile and green, and the rocks of the other as awful and sterile as the scenes themselves.

It was a delightful moment to us, when Jane and I looked back at the retiring cliffs of England as they vanished in the blue haze of evening, while our vessel flew over the waves that bore us towards Dieppe. We seemed, as it were, to be flying from ourselves—from a life which promised nothing in the perspective but misery, to one of peace and the enjoyment of our days;

and up to this moment nothing has occurred to cloud the sunshine of that happiness which the prow of our vessel seemed to point to, and the feelings of those moments to predict.

Passing through Dieppe, Rouen, and Versailles, we arrived at Paris. Here we were met by my friend C., with whom my youth had grown up, and with whom I trust my age will go down. He had engaged lodgings for us in the Rue Chanson, where we remained till Paris no longer afforded us any novelty to detain us—novelties which left so little impression, that in vain do I attempt to recollect them, and, determined to look for those which nature affords, we set off for Switzerland.

We had already arrived as far as Dôle, having stopped some days at Troyes and Dijon, when by the persuasions of a gentleman with whom we became acquainted at some inn on the road, we were induced to strike from the direct road and follow him to Lons-le-Saulnier, a clean little town and capital of the Jura. We stayed at this place three weeks, and were so charmed with the scenery and the quietness and retirement of the spot, that—at one time—we had serious thoughts of settling "on the sunny side" of one of its numberless hills. This feeling, however, was overcome by the restlessness natural to young travellers, and we proceeded through a wild and romantic country, sometimes crossing the valley and at others winding slowly in a crazy machine through the narrow passes of the mountains, precipices yawning beneath us, and rocks rising one above the other over our heads, till we arrived at St. Claude,

and eventually at Geneva. Here a year passed in the utmost tranquillity and happiness, and on Sunday, the 7th February, 1820, at half-past six in the morning, my eldest child, Edward Medwin,* was born, and christened by the Rev. Mr. Rooke, in June following. I pass over the details of this year; it was passed in as much enjoyment as I believe is permitted to mortals, or this life to bestow. From a number of circumstances, prudential motives being, perhaps, the strongest, we proposed to quit Geneva for the winter, and try the South of France.

A Mr. T[relawny], whom I met at Sir John St. [Aubyn's], hearing of our intentions, took us in his carriage as far as Chalons-sur-Saone, where we remained at the Hôtel du Parc for two months, but, unable to settle ourselves, we proceeded to Lyons, Avignon, and Orange, the gradual increase of warmth inviting us onward, as moths to a candle flame, till the sea at Marseilles put a stop to our progress; but this was only a momentary check. An English vessel then under sail in the harbour for Leghorn was too strong a temptation, and we actually found ourselves in Italy; awoke as it were from a dream, and with much the same sensations as wandering Arabs must experience, when they find suddenly a spot of green in the desert. I could wish that the omission of the miseries which poor Jane experienced on the road from Lyons would teach me to forget them, but the mind is not so easily to be cheated. They have, happily, passed, and she is recovered safely from them.

* Edward Medwin Williams died on 23rd December, 1897, at Henley-on-Thames. February 7, 1820, fell on a Saturday.

On the 13th of January, 1821, we landed from the ship, and found our friend M[edwin] at Pisa, who introduced us to the family of S[helley]. Shortly after our settlement at Pisa, our second child was born—a little girl. It was about 9 o'clock in the evening, on the Friday, the 16th of March, 1821, that I heard of this event, having retired to S[helley]'s to avoid the confusion and feelings such scenes occasion. M[ar]y brought me the news.

As the weather grew warmer and as spring advanced, we looked out for a place to pass the summer, and decided upon this, where I am now writing, the beautiful villa of Marchese Poschi, at Pugnano, about seven miles and a half from Pisa. I passed the first three months of my retirement here in the composition of a play, called "The Promise, or a Year, a Month, and a Day," and on the 30th July sent it home to my friend C., to present it for representation at one of the principal theatres. He tells me he is much pleased with it, but as yet has not sent me the manager's answer. S. tells me, if they accept it, he has great hopes of its success before an audience, and *his* hopes always enliven mine.

Sunday Evening, October 21st. The S—'s dined here. . . . He says that many of the Greeks who were at the memorable battle, or rather glorious retreat, of Bucharest, are now passing through Pisa, on their way (through Austria) to the Morea, and are allowed two livres a day by the Tuscan Government, during their stay in these dominions. A noble action, and one that betrays a feeling which I am delighted to find among a people with whom

I am likely to pass some years. What a contrast is the generous conduct of this little State, to the cowardly and underhanded means which England is now pursuing to undermine their cause—a cause which it is the interest of every Englishman to uphold, the cause of liberty and the rights of man! It is worthy of remark that a Greek priest, unable to repress his emotions during this retreat, seized a sword from the grasp of one of his dying countrymen, and rushing into the Turkish ranks performed prodigies of valour; and causing a panic amongst the troops, whom he scattered on all sides, actually cut his way to an Austrian outpost, to whom, tired with slaughter, he delivered himself! A detachment of Turks was sent to demand him; and being given to their custody, and within a very short distance of the Turkish army, having in some manner regained his strength, he attacked his guards and again escaped, but, unhappily, relied too fully on Austrian generosity. These wretches were barbarous enough to give the poor fellow *bound* to his enemies, under whose hands he died, in the fine spirit of his forefathers, after three days of savage and unparalleled torture. May the blood of the Grecian martyr be as an offering to God to defend their cause!

Monday, October 22nd, 1821. Read Lord Byron's "Doge of Venice." Am much disappointed. Some fine lines scattered throughout, and the language deep and flowing—but the whole excites no interest. If it is in imitation of Alfieri, Alfieri offers no model for the English drama, with which Lord Byron seems to find great fault

without promising to mend it. In the last scene of the Fifth Act is a sad want of unity, for in the 3rd scene the execution is supposed to have taken place, and is again reacted for the spectators.

The third, fourth, and fifth cantos of "Don Juan" are sublime. The return of the father [Lambro], in the third; and the description of the palace, &c., in the fifth are particularly fine. Lord B. is expected at Pisa in a few days, S. having taken a house for him.

Did an Italian lesson with C[lair]e, who is now staying with us. She told me that a Signora Tantini, a friend of hers, being in want of a servant, applied to a sort of *fattore*, a native of Lucca, who recommended his brother to the lady's notice; and upon her enquiry for his character, "Oh!" said he, "my angel, be in no fear of that—he is a fine young man (*un bravo giovane*), and though not yet twenty years of age, has already given *three stabs!*"

Tuesday, October 23rd. Jane and myself go to Pisa to look for lodgings for the winter, and looking through a very fine house, the man who was showing it, taking Jane mysteriously aside, said by way of commendation, "Si rammenta, Signora, che ha la scala segreta." A very necessary accommodation for an Italian lady, but not having any temptations for us we could not come to terms.

Wednesday, October 24th. Rain all day. Read an Italian lesson with Claire. Employed revising the Jew scene, and others of Act 3rd, of the Promise.

Thursday, October 25th. Fine. Walked with Jane and Claire to the Baths. Were met by a ragged, wild-looking man, who with many strange gestures and low bowings, approached us, holding out a paper to Jane (on which many figures seemed mysteriously written), saying, "la prenda, la prenda!" From his emphatic manner she was about to comply, when Claire begged of her for God's sake not to touch it; and afterwards explained that it is the custom of this ignorant and superstitious people to strew pieces of paper, flowers, and other things, upon the bodies of their dying sick, in order that they may become impregnated with the disease, which being communicated to another, the fever is diminished by the division of the infection! A heretic is, of course, the fittest person on whom to practice this humane doctrine, and this was doubtless an effort to make the experiment on Jane. Went on from the Baths to Pisa. The Shelleys go into their new house. Returned late, after having seen all the houses without being able to settle on one.

Friday, October 26th. Fine. Feel unsettled, and consequently idle. Looked into many books, but could not confine myself to any one.

"Like a child at a feast
That but sips of a sweet and then flies to the rest."

It has been one of those warm sunny days that exhilarates the spirits, and invites one abroad to seek amusement and instruction in the immensity of Nature's works, and unfits one for paying a proper attention to books. Hazlitt says, "We are always at home with Nature.

There is neither hypocrisy, caprice, nor mental reservation in her favours. A rose is always sweet, a lily is always beautiful; we do not hate the one nor envy the other.

> "To me the meanest flower that blows can give
> Thoughts that do often lie too deep for tears."

"The daisy, that first strikes the child's eye in trying to leap over his own shadow, is the same flower that with timid upward glance implores the grown man not to tread upon it."

S. says he always "writes best in the air, under a tree, in a garden, or on the bank of a river; there is an undivided spirit which reigns, abroad, a mutual harmony among the works of Nature, that makes him better acquainted with himself and them." This I feel in an eminent degree, and had I passed a day in a city, as I have done this one in this beautiful spot, I should accuse myself of having lost, rather than gained, a day, by not having applied to any kind of improvement which books afford.

As a poet, Shelley is certainly the most imaginative of the day, and if he applied himself to human affections, he would be the greatest. His greatest fault is ignorance of his own worth. He asked me yesterday what name he should fix to the drama he is now engaged with. I proposed Hellas, which he will adopt. I mention the circumstance, as I was proud at being asked the question, and more so that the name pleased him.

Sunday, October 28th. Fine. Mary comes to dinner. Revise the Promise, and read a little, feel confused from

an inundation of thoughts, that seem to have no association with the others, and am therefore accused from bad spirits of bad humour.

Monday, October 29th. Walked with Jane to Roncioni's garden. The late rains have, in a slight degree, altered the face of the country—the leaves of the mountain trees, and the early alders, poplars, &c., of the plains are assuming a yellow tint, but in other respects the verdure of the banks and the numberless flowers that "paint the meadows with delight" remind one of spring, though the spirits are less buoyant than with the promise of summer before one.

Youth is Spring, and Age the Autumn of life. It may be said there is no Summer or Winter in man; they are only anticipated. When young we are ever looking forward to the summer of our lives, but are seldom willing to acknowledge its arrival until it has really passed, and then we prepare for winter, which is only avowed in the grave. I never met an old man who declared he felt himself so, or that could endure to think that others thought so. It is ever spring with us—till we are fifty, and autumn till we are a hundred. I have been led into this reflection by always meeting in our walks to this beautiful place the father of the gardener, whose antique appearance might warrant the supposition that he and the oldest chestnut of the forest were planted together. Not considering his age, he is ever employed in doing nothing, and, if I had suffered him, would have broken his neck to have got at some grapes; still remembering

his youth, and memory and mind outlasting the frame's decay.

Wednesday, October 31st, 1821. Fine. Mary writes informing us that Webb has consented to let us have his house on the terms at first proposed, and encloses two letters—one from Mrs. C[levelan]d, and the other from Trelawny, at Geneva. Go to Pisa after dinner, and give directions about the furniture. Return late.

Friday, November 2nd. After dinner walk with Jane to the summit of Monte Maggiore. We were met near the top by a man with an ass, upon which Jane mounted. Having no money about me, I told the man, when he passed Pugnano, to call, and that I would pay him for his kindness; but he replied, it was not worth the trouble, for he seldom went that way. The northern aspect of the mountain presents a dreary contrast to that which faces the sun, the tree on the first being already leafless and bare, and the last luxuriant with vegetation. On the one side parties of peasants are employed, picking up the chestnuts from among the heaps of fallen dead leaves, and on the other they are seen scattered amidst the thick foliage, plucking the beautiful fruits of the arbutus, that hang in wild profusion (like large round strawberries) from the pendant boughs. I have read of such scenes, but never before witnessed one like this, which was perfected by hearing at intervals the soft, sweet pipe of a shepherd boy from a distant mountain.

Saturday, November 3rd. Fine, but clouds. Packed and sent most of the things to Pisa. Read in the evening to Jane. It is a singular fact that the sun never sets upon the British dominions. Before his last rays leave the spires of Quebec, his morning beams have shone three hours on Port Jackson, New Holland; and while sinking from the waters of Lake Superior, his eye opens upon the mouth of the Ganges. The Roman Empire, in all its glory, contained 120,000,000 souls, one half of whom were slaves. The British Empire, in its present state, contains about 95,220,000 souls, all of whom are *freemen*. In the scale of nations she is, then, the greatest in the world.

Sunday, November 4th. Cloudy, with intervals of sunshine. Despatch the remainder of our things, and quit Pugnano, on a visit to S., at Pisa. Arrived at 2. The Guiccioli returns with Jane and Mary, who call on her in the evening. Lord Byron arrived on Thursday. His *Cain*, Shelley says, is second to nothing of the kind.

Monday, November 5th. Shelley read me some passages of his Hellas, which are very fine, and his translation of the only Greek farce which has been handed down to us [the Cyclop]. In the evening S. introduced me to Lord Byron, on whom we called. So far from his having haughtiness of manners, they are those of the most unaffected and gentlemanly ease; and so far from his being (as is generally imagined) wrapt in melancholy and gloom, he is all sunshine and good humour. On

our taking leave, he took up a book from the table, saying, "I will lend you others to-morrow; in the meantime you will find something in the *Annuaire Historique Universel* to amuse you, besides the general matter it contains, for at the end it takes infinite pains to prove that I am the devil." Such is ever the reward of exalted geniuses, and an author in the present times may almost be valued in proportion as the abuse of the world increases. S. and L. B. afford proofs of this among those who are living, and among the dead they are numberless.

Tuesday, November 6th. Commence writing out for S. a fair copy of his Hellas. In the evening Lord B. calls, with Countess G. and her brother. Told us of a singular accusation against him—that he has gained £500 by writing puffs for Day and Martin's blacking.

Wednesday, November 7th. Call on Lord B., by appointment, to practice pistol shooting, but on application to the Governor all firing within the city walls is forbidden. He lends me a small pamphlet now printing, called "Some Observations," but upon S.'s recommendation does not intend to publish it.*

Thursday, November 8th. Fine. Rose early and went out shooting with Count G. and his sons. Shot a few larks, but did not see a single head of game.

On our arrival at a large plain about two miles from the city, where a number of larks were flying about in

* It does not appear to what these observations referred.

flocks, I was surprised to see one of these young Counts, after loading his gun, take a young owl from a large pocket (which was stuffed up with tow for wadding), which as the larks approached he threw into the air, and the flock immediately swept fearlessly down to within a few yards of us, and this I am told is always the practice in shooting small birds in this country, they are lured to the owl as he sits on some clod, and will actually settle around him; a small piece of stick at the end of a short string is attached to his legs to prevent his taking too long a flight; a call is also used, which they use continually whistling, and by this means kill great numbers.

Continue writing in the evening. Mr. Taaffe calls.

Friday, November 9th. Fine, but a sharpness in the air, I haven't felt before. Continue writing and finish. In the evening S. reads aloud "The Vision of Judgment," a satirical poem of Lord B.'s, a sublime composition, which displays the greatness of his genius above any other of his works; but I am in doubt if it can be published, or rather I fear no publisher can be found for it in these times.

Saturday, November 10th. Finish the notes and preface to Hellas. . . . If such a poem becomes popular, we may flatter ourselves with having advanced a step towards improvement and perfection in all things, moral and political.

Sunday, November 11th. In the evening S. proposes to me to assist him in a continuation of the translation

of Spinoza's Theologico-political tract, to which Lord B. has consented to put his name, and to give it greater currency, will write the life of that celebrated Jew to preface the work.

Monday, November 12th. S. and I commenced Spinoza, that is to say, I write while he dictates. Write from page 178 to 188.

Tuesday, November 13th. Write fifteen pages. S. talks of printing here.

Wednesday, November 14th. Four and a half pages. Walk with Jane, and find Medwin on our arrival at home, who left Geneva on the 23rd.

Sunday, November 18th. S. reads to Medwin his "Essay on Poetry."

Monday, November 19th. Call on Lord B. Have a long argument with him about women, in which Shelley tells me that he lost ground. However, experience has not taught him to say much in their favour.

Sunday, November 21st. Fine. Cloudy. Walk with Jane. Call on Lord B. and return Parry's work, in exchange for "The Mission to Ashantee." Walk with M., and meet Lord B. and his party, with whom we practice pistol-shooting — an excellent shot. Take up "Clarke's Travels in Scandinavia." He seems to work by

square and rule, and writes by the yard, sawing through nations as a carpenter through deal.

Thursday, November 22nd. Cloudy. Read some of "The Mission to Ashantee," and do an Italian lesson. Took up Mr. Michael's "Journey from Moscow to Contantinople." The account of his visit to Petra and the tomb of Aaron are very interesting, but more so from the difficulties they encountered to get there, than any description of the place itself. Walk with Jane and M., and join Lord B.'s party, with whom we practice pistol-shooting. S. shot best, and I very ill.

Friday, November 23rd. Rain and mist. Revise a little, and read different works with S. and M. Hear from Harvey: his comedy is rejected by the managers, but he intends persevering with his tragedy. Read part of Barry Cornwall's "Marcian Colonna"—a poem formed of the words of almost every living author, and strung unintelligibly together. His "Dramatic Sketches" are the best of his works, but these, as Jane says, seem addressed to birds.

Thursday, November 29th. Cloudy. Rise early, and S. accompanies us to Leghorn.

While S. was waiting for the carriage, standing at a shop-door in the Via Grande, a well-dressed but vulgar Italian, approaching, asked if he might be allowed to address a few words to him. "Certainly," said S. "Then, Sir," said he, "as you seem to be a stranger in

this country, and would probably be happy to find any one who could judiciously point out its many classical and natural beauties, if you will give me ten thousand crowns a year, I will undertake to be your companion and guide; every wish of your heart shall be anticipated, and every sense gratified in its turn; nay you shall enjoy those pleasures now unknown to you."

"For how much?" said S. seriously. "Ten thousand crowns, Sir, for which you will be disburthened from all care, a carriage at your command will be ever in readiness, a sumptuous table will be provided for you, and you will be introduced to the first families, and enter into every fashionable gaiety—in short ——" The carriage now arrived, and S., stepping into it, said, "I thank you for your polite and generous offer, but my means are proportionate to my wishes, which are both extremely moderate, and ——" "Sir," said the man, "I know to the contrary ——" He was about to continue when we drove off.

Returned to dinner with S. at 6 o'clock, rain on the way home.

Friday, November 30th. Cloudy. Walk with Jane, and purchase plate, furniture, &c. M[edwin] calls, and we revise a little. He dines here, and in the evening Taaffe calls. He told us a singular instance of presentiment.

The captain of Lord Keith's ship, which was lying in Leghorn Harbour, was a man of a very lively turn of mind, and few of the common accidents of life could turn

him from his natural gaiety. Being, however, on a visit to a Mr. Fellichi, at Pisa, he felt a considerable depression of spirits, which being noticed to him, he endeavoured in vain to shake off, observing to Mr. F. that he felt as if he "were going to be hanged." Having in this mood retired to bed, he was awoke by a messenger from Leghorn, saying the ship was on fire. Not a moment was lost. He repaired on board, and succeeded in working her out of the harbour, but at 10 o'clock the flames reached the magazine, in spite of every effort. He, with his crew of 700 men, were blown to atoms. A young midshipman, struck by the noble example of his captain, followed him on board to perish with him, giving a boatman a draft for £60 on Mr. Fellichi to put him alongside his ship.

Sunday, December 2nd. Pistol shooting. Lord B. hit, at the distance of twelve yards, the bull's eye four times, and the half-crown three. The last shot struck the piece of money so exactly in the centre, that it was afterwards found with the ball enclosed within it, the sides being drawn to the centre like a three-cornered cocked hat.

Monday, December 3rd. S. hits the half-crown.

Thursday, December 6th. Cloudy, with small rain and cold. Walk with Jane in the morning. She and Mary call on the Contessa in the evening—fetch them at ten. Taaffe calls. He told me, when he called on the

great modern poet Monti, his wife told him that he must excuse being ushered into Signor Monti's bedroom, but that he had gone to bed for the winter. This is actually his custom. Three sides of his bed are fitted up with books like a library, a table with short legs is fitted to his chest, and with the exception of about two hours in the day (when he is at the Opera), he passes the rest in this manner, sleeping only for two or three hours in the twenty-four, and that not at any stated times. His works are numerous, and his poetry of the first order.

Friday, December 14th. In the evening went to S., who read aloud a poem of Lord B.'s, which he had only finished the day before. It is called "Heaven and Earth, a Mystery."

Thursday, December 20th. Cloudy. Strong gales from the south. S. and I sail furiously against a violent current for a considerable distance up the Arno. The storm, however, increasing, we reached the shore only just in time.

Learn that the English, by every paltry means in their power, are striving to overthrow the cause of Greece. Instead of being any longer the most exalted of nations, she is surely becoming the most degraded.

Passed the evening at S.'s. He read aloud "Chaucer's Dream," a poem of the finest feeling.

Friday, December 21st. Lord B. told me that he had commenced a tragedy from Miss Lee's German tale [Werner], and had been fagging at it all day.

Wednesday, December 26th. Violent wind, with wind and sleet. A hat having blown into the river, a poor fellow volunteered to fetch it in a small boat, but was almost instantly carried down by a whirlpool, and neither man nor boat have since been heard of.

Friday, December 28th. Tempestuous weather. Read some of the old plays. Called on Lord B.

His friend, Mr. H[obhous]e, having had occasion to speak of some gentleman, who was quite a stranger to him, said *a* Mr. S. had called on him, &c., which on coming to the gentleman's ears, he thought proper to take offence at being styled a Mr. S., and in this mood entered Mr. H.'s apartment desiring of him an explanation. Horace Twiss was in company at the time, and after hearing the gentleman's complaint, with the greatest coolness turned to him and said, "Oh, sir, perhaps it is the indefinite *article* you object to, it is your wish I see to be known as *the* Mr. S." Quite confounded the gentleman left the room without uttering a word.

Sunday, December 30th. S. is thinking of a tragedy to be founded on the story of Timon of Athens, but adapted to modern times. An admirable theme for him.

Wednesday, January 2nd. Heard of Polidori's suicide, which was effected by a subtle poison of his own composition. Three things which Byron would do that P. could not do—hit the keyhole with a pistol, swim across the river, and give P. a d——d good thrashing.

Thursday, January 3rd. Fine. Write all the morning. Call on Lord B., and find him sitting for his bust to Bartolini. Walked with Jane and Mary. Heard from Mrs. C[levelan]d, and on our return found an invitation from the nobility of Pisa to a grand ball to be held to-morrow.

Pass the evening with Mary.

Friday, January 4th. Heard of the death of one of the young princes of Saxony, who was on a visit to his sister, the Grand Duchess of Tuscany. His death was caused by having caught a fever from his servant, into whose room he ventured to inquire for his health, and expired in thirty hours afterwards. This event has put an end to the festivities.

Saturday, January 5th. Cloudy and rain. Colder to-day than it has hitherto been. Wrote a little, and read the account of Mr. Mariner's detention among the people of the Tonga Islands, a most interesting work. Called on Lord B. In a letter from Moore, he says, "Do not be surprised at the success of Marino Faliero on the French stage, for it is said that no less a personage than *Louis Dix huitres traduced* it into that language." Played at billiards with S. almost the whole day. Mary and M. dine with us.

Sunday, January 6th. Rain in the early part of the morning, clear about noon and fine.

Read aloud to Jane "Mariner's account of the Tonga Islands," a people in whom the extremes of virtue and vice are strangely mingled. It is a book, of all others, that gives the best knowledge of human nature.

Dine with S.'s, walked with Mary and Jane, and afterwards played with S. at billiards till evening, when Lord B. came in. He has received letters from a mechanic at Bologna, signed by a number of professors of the University there, calling upon him to lend his name and pecuniary assistance to the furthering of the projection of a machine, with which a man, by the aid of wings, is to elevate himself to any height—in short to fly. The whole is to be worked by *steam*, and the weight of the engine is not considered any impediment. A small body has already been raised by a similar mechanism, and made to fly round the room, but I have very great doubt if a body much beyond the weight of the largest bird can be thus self-elevated, for it does not seem in such cases that the scale of proportion holds good experimentally.

Pass the evening with Mary, and after a conversation with S., have serious thoughts of taking in hand a steam yacht to work between Leghorn and Genoa, an undertaking that promises great advantages.

Tuesday, January 8th. Mary read to us the two first acts of Lord B.'s Werner. . . . S. sat down to Charles I. about five days since. It is exceedingly to be regretted that Shelley does not meet with greater encouragement: a mind such as his, powerful as it is, requires *gentle leading*.

Wednesday, January 9th. Receive a letter with the following answer from Faucit, of Covent Garden Theatre: "The proprietors of Covent Garden Theatre request me to present their compliments to you, and to return you thanks for the offer of your play called 'The Promise,' which as a dramatic composition they consider to abound with great poetical beauties, but as a drama they are of opinion that it would fail in representation." So much for my "Promise," which has proved like all the promises of my youth, illusions all. Dined with Lord B. He told me that during the composition of the "Corsair," he was in a very low state of mind, turning night into day, the sight of which he could not endure. Completed the poem in ten nights, and almost without correcting a line. "The Bride of Abydos," he wrote in three days, but "Lara" cost him longer than any of the others, having been composed on the return from several parties during a very gay season of his life, when the allied princes were in England.

Thursday, January 10th. Call on Taaffe and consult with him about the life of Celestine V. and Boniface VIII., of whom I entertain serious thoughts of composing a tragedy. Read the sketch of it to S., who is much pleased with it, but does not think it would perform.

Friday, January 11th. Write some of the first scene of my play merely to try my hand. Call on Lord B., and see Bartolini at work—a fine bust.*

* Now in the possession of the Earl of Malmesbury. Lithographed by Fromentin.

The Countess G. calls, and Sgricci, the celebrated improvisatore, passes the evening here.

Monday, January 14th. Cloudy and cold, with sleet. Continue writing and making notes. Read part of my first scene to S., who discourages me from proceeding, assuring me that the subject is beyond my powers, and so I think, but the attempt however unsuccessful will at least be improving. Write a little and read. Take Jane's letter to her mother to the post. Trelawny arrives.

The Countess G[uiccioli] and her brother call.

Tuesday, January 15th. Trelawny called, and brought with him the model of an American schooner, on which it is settled with S. and myself to build a boat thirty feet long, and T. writes to Roberts at Genoa to commence on it directly.

Saturday, January 19th. Fine. Wrote till eleven. Accompanied T. in his tilbury as before. Called on Lord B. who wishes to have a boat on the model of ours now building at Genoa, intending to enter into a competition with us in sailing. Played with him till evening, dined with S.'s and go to the new opera, Henry the Fifth, a dull insipid concern.

Sunday, January 20th. Fine. Mary and Jane in a carriage, and Trelawny and myself in the tilbury, proceed to Pugnano, and ascend a short distance up Monte

Maggiore, where after a tiffin we practice firing at a half-crown, which T. hits three times. Return about half past four, and dine with the Shelleys on the side of a wild boar which Captain Hay sent from the Maremma. Pass the evening there.

Wednesday, January 23rd. Fine. S. breakfasts here. I read to him a revision of the first scene of Boniface, which he tells me he reluctantly praises. Trelawny called, and tying his horse to the knocker while he wrote a note, the animal, trying to get away, broke the harness, &c., and deprived us of our ride. Read Lord B.'s last tragedy of Werner, a splendid production. Called on Lord B., and walked with Mary and Jane.

Thursday, January 24th. Cloudy, with slight rain. Wrote a little. Finished Werner, a tragedy that is in my opinion admirably adapted to the stage. Dined with Lord B., and met there a Captain Scott, and the same party as before. Lord B. receives a volume containing "Sardanapalus," "The Two Foscari," and "Cain," the first of his works, and the grandest production of the kind since Milton.

Saturday, January 26th. S. sent us some beautiful but too melancholy lines ("The Serpent is shut out from Paradise," &c.).

Friday, January 1st. Fine. Wrote a few lines. Sat with Mary an hour or two, and afterwards walked

with her and Jane to meet Lord B. Dined with the Shelleys. Taaffe called and told me a curious story of a Scotch sea captain being at Leghorn, and sitting for his portrait to some celebrated Italian artist, begged of him to introduce a view of the port in the background, and beyond that the sea with his ship under sail, the cabin window open, and within tea things to be set on the table, and then—the poor painter in despair rushed out of the room.

Saturday, February 2nd. Fine warm day. Jane accompanies Mary and S. to the seashore through the Cascini. They return about three.

Tuesday, February 5th. T. wrote definitively to Roberts.

Thursday, February 7th. Fine. Left Pisa at eleven with S. for Spezzia, in order to look for a summer residence. The Governor being absent, we departed without any signature to our passports. Bad road for the most part as far as Pietra Santa. At this place we suffered the caleche to precede us, while we sauntered carelessly after it to avoid the detention which the police would have occasioned. The guard hailed the carriage, but suffered us to pass unquestioned. The scenery from this place to Massa is truly Arcadian.

On turning quick round an angle of the road, and under the brow of a rugged and precipitous rock about 300 feet in height, I observed our vetturino doff his hat at

a ruin, which left no trace of what it had formerly been. The wildness of the spot led me to ask his reason, as I could not imagine it had ever been a place of worship. He said that, many ages since, four hunters being in chase of a deer, they pursued her even to the edge of that precipice, imagining they were certain of their prey, when to their utmost astonishment the poor animal made a slight halt, and then desperately plunged from its pursuers into the abyss, and came bounding headlong to the bottom, and apparently unhurt continued its flight through the forest that skirted the sea. The hunters considered it a miracle, and a chapel was accordingly built on the spot, called La Capella del cervo. A bronze cast was made of the stag, and a picture of the same adorned the altar.

Friday, February 8th. Fine. Grand and sublime scenery. Left Massa at half past eight. Crossed the Magra near Sarzana, and arrived at Spezzia at three o'clock. At Sarzana we called on Mr. Lucciardi, to whom Vacca had given us letters. He again introduced us by these means to a Canon at Spezzia, who accompanied us in a boat to the western shores of the bay, but without offering the slightest hope that we could be accommodated with a house or houses. We looked into every hovel, but in vain. Dined and slept at Spezzia.

Saturday. February 9th. Fine. Beautiful day. Rose early and took boat for Lerici. On going ashore to see some fishermen drag their net, an old man among them said he knew of some houses, and would accompany

us. He showed us many; but two pleased us particularly. Walked a long distance in search of others, but found nothing. Returned in the boat to Spezzia, and left that place again for Sarzana, to enquire about the two houses which we had seen. Arrived at Sarzana at six o'clock, where we dined and slept. *Aquila Nera*, a clean inn—not very dear.

Sunday, February 10th. Fine. Signor Luciardi called and told us that Madame Catani's house was positively not to be had, but that the one on the beach would be let for 100 crowns a year. Went to Lerici in the afternoon, and took a boat across the bay to see a house opposite Porto Venere. Returned to Sarzana to dinner, and slept there.

Monday, February 11th Fine. Left Sarzana at nine o'clock. Arrived to dinner at Via-Reggio at three, and at Pisa at 7. Dreadful road.

Tuesday, February 12th. Consulted with S. about a new tragedy. T. called and brought with him R[obert]s' drawing of Lord B's. boat.

Monday, February 18th. Jane unwell. S. turns physician. Called on Lord B., who talks of getting up Othello. Laid a wager with S. that Lord B. quits Italy before six months. Jane put on a Hindostanee dress, and passed the evening with Mary, who had also the Turkish costume.

Sunday, February 24th. Fine. Claire calls. Wrote some lines. Read my first act to Medwin. Call on Lord B., beat him at billiards, and played till evening with Trelawny. The S.'s, M., and T. dine here.

Monday, February 25th. Fine. Claire leaves us for Florence. Wrote out the first act of my new tragedy, which I have called Gonzaga, Duke of Mantua. Walked with Jane. Taaffe passed the evening. No man is affronted with a joke that flatters his vanity. You may with impunity call a man a villain; but if you tell him that his nose wants wiping, he will blow out your brains. T. calls joking with a captious man smoking his cigar over a barrel of gun-powder.

Saturday, March 2nd. Met S. in his boat. Sailed back with him.

Sunday, March 3rd. Read part of my first act to S. He found some faults, but generally approved.

Friday, March 8th. Dined with Lord B. During dinner S. repeated some of the finest lines of "Childe Harold," and Lord B., after listening to a stanza, cried, "Heavens, S., what infinite nonsense are you quoting?"

Tuesday, March 12th. [Lord B. promises to write a prologue and epilogue to W.'s play.]

Thursday, March 14th. S. and T. sailed in the boat, and on our return, in passing the bridge, were hailed

by the Custom House officers. Not, however, paying any attention to them (we have frequently passed without interruption), they seized the boat, threatened to imprison our servant, and without our paying fifty livres they declare it shall become their property. S. wrote to the minister of police about it. [Boat ordered to be given up.]

Wednesday, March 20th. Called on B. Kinnaird did not think it necessary to present Lord B.'s challenge to fight Southey, and therefore this contemptible affair is dropped for the moment. Walked with Shelley along the banks of the Arno. Took our writing materials, and while S. translated Calderon's "Cyprian," I wrote some revisions.

Thursday, March 21st. Fine. Wrote a few lines. Trelawny called. He has heard from Roberts that S.'s boat will be launched to-day. T. writes to R. to send her round to Viareggio, when they will met her, and proceed to Genoa to bring Lord B.'s schooner round. Mary and Jane accompany T. and myself in the boat up the Arno. Trelawny dined. Went to the theatre. Saw Charles XIIth. A tolerable actor in Charles.

Sunday, March 24th. Fine. Mary sends in, asking us to accompany her to Viareggio, but are deterred from going by finding the morning too far advanced to enable us to return this evening. Walked with Trelawny and S. upon the Argine. Called on Lord B.

At home, writing till five o'clock. Went to dine at S.'s, and after sitting for a considerable time waiting for their return home, I was surprised at the lateness of the evening. Trelawny at length came in, and told us that Lord B.'s party, consisting of himself, Shelley, Captain Hay, Count Gamba (the son), and Taaffe were riding, and the Countess with Mrs. S., were behind in the carriage, when a mounted dragoon dashed through their party and touched Taaffe's horse as he passed, in an insolent and defying manner. Lord B. put spurs to his horse, saying that he should give some account of such insolence. S.'s horse, however, was the fleetest, and coming up to the dragoon he crossed and stopped him till the party arrived, but they had now reached the gate where a guard was stationed, and finding himself so well supported, he drew his sword, and after abusing them all as cursed English (maledetti Inglesi) began to cut and slash to the right and left, and what signified it to him if he had the blood of all the English robbers—saying he arrested them all. "Do that if you can," said Lord B., and dashed through the guard with young Count Gamba, and reached home to bring arms for what he expected would turn to a serious scuffle. The dragoon, finding the rest of the party intended to force their way, made a desperate cut at Shelley, who took off his cap, and warding the blow from the sharp part of the sabre, the hilt struck his head and knocked him from his horse; the fellow was repeating a cut at S. when down, when Captain Hay parried with a cane he had in his hand, but the sword cut it in two, and struck Captain H.'s face across

the nose. A violent scene now took place, and the dragoons tried to get into town and escape, when Lord B. arrived, and half drawing a sword-stick to show that he was armed, the fellow put up his sword and begged of Lord B. to do the same. It was now dark, and after walking a few paces with Lord B. he put his horse into a gallop and endeavoured to get off, but on passing Lord B.'s house, a servant had armed himself with a pitchfork, and speared him as he passed. He fell from his horse and was carried to the hospital. The wound is in the abdomen.

Trelawny had finished his story when Lord B. came in, the Countess fainting on his arm, S. sick from the blow, Lord B. and the young Count foaming with rage. Mrs. S. looking philosophically upon this interesting scene, and Jane and I wondering what the devil was to come next. A surgeon came, and Lord B. took him with the Countess home, where she was bled and soon came round. Taaffe next entered, and after having given his deposition at the Police Station, returned to us with a long face, saying that the dragoon could not live out the night. All soon sallied forth again to be the first to accuse, and according to Italian policy not wait to be accused. All again return, mutually recriminated and recriminating. 9 o'clock. The report already in circulation about Pisa is that a party of peasants having risen in insurrection, made an attack upon the guard, headed by some Englishmen, that the guard maintained their ground manfully against an awful number of the armed insurgents, that they were at length defeated—one Englishman, whose name was Trelawny, left dead at the gate, and Lord B. mortally

wounded, who is now telling me the tale—and I drinking brandy and water by his side.

Ten o'clock. How the attack ought to have been conducted is now agitating. All appear to me to be wrong. 11 o'clock—disperse to our separate homes.

Monday, March 25th. Cloudy. At 7 this morning an officer from the police called here, demanding my name, country, profession, and requesting to have an account of my actions between the hours of 6 and 8 yesterday evening. My servants told him I was then asleep, but that they could inform him that I was engaged in a very bloody scene between those hours.

"Then he must come to the Police office." "Ask him," said I, "if I am to bring the scene or the whole play as far as I have written." 12 o'clock S. calls. The wounded dragoon much worse. Hear that the soldiers are confined to their barracks, but they swear to be revenged on some of us. The Countess G. better, as well as Captain Hay. A report is now abroad that Taaffe is the assassin, and is now confined in Lord B.'s house, guarded by bull-dogs, &c., to avoid the police. This he overheard himself while walking down the Lung Arno. T. and I think it necessary to go armed. A skate strap is therefore substituted for a pistol belt, and my pistols so slung to T.'s waist.

2. Sallied forth very much stared and pointed at. Called on Lord B. Heard that extreme unction had been administered to the dragoon, whose wound is considered

mortal. A deposition is drawn up, and sent with all the signatures concerned to the Police.

The Grand Duke expected to-night.

4 o'clock. The dragoon dying. Half-past 4. All armed with sword-sticks, pistols, &c., mount as usual amidst a great crowd that surround the door. Nothing new on their return except a great crowd to see them dismount.*

10 o'clock. T. called here after having been with Lord B. The dragoon much worse.

The Grand Duke arrived.

Tuesday, March 26th. Cloudy. I hurry to breakfast. S. received a note from a lady last night, desiring him not to venture near her house after dark, for the friends of the dragoon were on the look out for him, although they did not consider him as most to blame.

The young Gamba joined a party of gossips that had collected round a spezeria, and joining in the conversation as if he had been unconcerned in the business, said it was a pity that a man was so dangerously wounded. "Ah, the only pity is," said a fellow, "that in ten days the affair will be forgotten and the cursed English will go abroad as secure as ever."

Jane's music master comes and informs us that the

* Mrs. Shelley says, "The Pisans were all enraged because the *maledetti Inglesi* were not punished, yet when the gentlemen returned from their ride the following day, an immense crowd was assembled before the Casa Lanfranchi, and they all took their hats off to them."

report is the dragoon is better, but raves like a madman against the English.

11 o'clock. Called on T. previous to going to Captain Hay's, met there Vacca who had just quitted his patient, the dragoon. V. thinks him better, but not out of danger. The man's story is that he was held by one of Lord B.'s servants, while the other stabbed him, and that he should not have drawn his sword had he not been horsewhipped by some one of the party. This was strongly denied by us to Vacca, who seemed to view the thing in a most unfavourable light, and declares that in any court of justice he could swear conscientiously that the wound was given with a stiletto having three sides like a bayonet.

Called on Captain Hay with T. Found him doing well, but his face is much cut and bruised. On our mentioning to him what we considered a falsehood in the dragoon having said he was struck, Hay confirmed the fact by saying the young Count Gamba cut him with his whip as he passed. The affair consequently takes a serious turn in the man's favour.

3 o'clock. Called on Lord B. The police had only proceeded so far as to require the evidence of his courier. Suspicion as to the person who really stabbed the dragoon much excited. Nothing else new. They ride as usual.

7 o'clock. The wound neither better nor worse. Trelawny dined with us, and Mary passed the evening. It is a singular circumstance that an affair of a similar nature occurred to one of this man's brothers, and having been cured of a wound which he had received in a scuffle,

he waited concealed for the person whom he suspected, stabbed him to the heart and flung him into the river!

Wednesday, March 27th. Fine. The man better than yesterday, and hopes are entertained. It is T.'s opinion that on recovery this man will demand the *satisfaction of a gentleman*, and some of the *most respectable Italians* think that it ought not to be refused to him. T. breakfasted here, and we afterwards went to the post together. A letter from Roberts informs us that the boat will not be finished in less than 12 or 14 days.

On our way met the young Count Gamba with a deposition from a gentleman of the name of Crawford, who from a balcony had seen Lord B. return. He says, that Lord B. did not dismount from his horse, but called to the servants from the door. They brought him a walking-stick with which he returned to meet the dragoon, who on seeing him put out his hand which Lord B. accepted, demanding his name. At this moment one of Lord B.'s servants interposed, and pushed the dragoon from his master's side, and on the dragoon putting his horse into a gallop, he observed a man rush at him with a pole, and nearly thrust him from his horse, from which he fell shortly afterwards. Lord B. seemed collected, and on requiring of the dragoon some explanation of his conduct, he replied, "This is not the place," and hurried onward, when he met the fatal blow from the pitchfork.

12 o'clock. Walked with T. and S., and sailed up the river with them.

4 o'clock. Went with T. to Lord B's.

The man remains in the same state.

Taaffe, who during the affair could not be found, and who has since talked so greatly of his valour upon the occasion, has been named by Jane *False Taaffe.*

Walked with Mary and Jane, and met the Countess G., who accompanied us. At 9 p.m. Trelawny and S. called. Went to Lord B.'s together; found him engaged in a letter to the British Ambassador. His servants Tita and Vincenzo had been examined, and Vincenzo acquitted, when the silly fellow accompanied Tita back to make his deposition, and who, though innocent, was mad enough to go into court armed with a stiletto and a brace of pistols.* They were subsequently both imprisoned and remained confined in separate cells. Left Lord B. at 11. During our stay there his secretary was sent for by the police and examined, but nothing transpired.

Thursday, March 28th. Fine. Vacca, who is prejudiced, says the man is neither better nor worse, and is further convinced of the wound having been given with a stiletto, as it passed through the dragoon's sword belt, and left a mark or hole that he could not mistake. Mr. Todd's opinion is that the man is better. Report in Pisa

* "Finding Tita," Mrs. Shelley says, "perfectly innocent, the Cancelliere ordered him to be liberated, but the Pisan police took fright at his beard. They called him 'il barbone,' and although it was declared that on his exit from prison he should be shaved, they could not tranquillise their mighty minds, but banished him. We in the mean time were come to this place [Lerici], so he has taken refuge with us. He is an excellent fellow, faithful, courageous, and daring."

is that Lord B. and all his servants, with four English gentlemen, were taken in Lord B.'s house last night after a desperate resistance, that forty brace of pistols were discovered, stilettos, &c., and at Leghorn they have it, that the party returning home, Sunday evening, attacked a division of dragoons, and after being taken prisoners stabbed three of them in the neck, and that Lord B. and all the party had fled to Lucca.

12 o'clock. Man as before.

Nothing new.

4 o'clock. Walked with Mary and Jane. All quiet.

5 o'clock. Saw a party of dragoons on bridge watching Lord B. and party as it passed.

7. Mary dined. Antonio, the Countess G.'s servant, confined with the others.* Went to the theatre.

Friday, March 29th. Fine. The dragoon much better, and likely to do well. It is singular, Vacca, who has been so forward to instigate the police, should have pronounced the man out of danger three days ago.

10. Walked with Jane to the Botanical Gardens, a place fitted for the improvement of the young students, but nothing to the advancement of the science. There is a museum and other curiosities here, but nothing worthy any particular notice, that I saw.

1 o'clock. Called on Captain Hay. Found him doing well. He had heard that my name had been substituted for his in the affair, that my nose had been cut

* "The meekest fellow in the world," says Mrs. Shelley.

off, and that Lord B. and myself had left Pisa with as many horses as could be put to the carriage.

2 o'clock. Vincenzo and another man liberated. Strong suspicions of Antonio, the Countess's man.

Called on Lord B. He had received an answer from Mr. Dawkins, the Chargé d'affaires at Florence, offering every assistance, but speaking very lightly of the affair. Nothing new, excepting that a law officer from Florence arrived to take the several depositions.

Taaffe's conduct highly blameable, but his very deposition damns him.

7. Trelawny dined and passed the evening.

Saturday, March 30th. Fine. Shelley breakfasted. The dragoon considerably recovered and doing well.

Nothing new. At Florence the reports are favourable to us. Wrote a few lines. Walked with Mary and Jane. Called on the Countess.

Wrote to Roberts, at Genoa, about a house. Passed the evening with the Shelleys.

Wednesday, April 3rd. Fine. Walked with Jane. Called on Taaffe to learn further of the business—on Lord B. acquainting him with it. Lord B. willing to give his hand to Taaffe. As usual all right again. Mrs. B. wrote to Lord B., requesting his interference with Trelawny, and enclosing all the notes that had passed between them. Devil of an affair—all parties quarrelling and everybody defaming everybody.

Walked with T. to see the boat that is to convey

ourselves and furniture to Spezzia, about which I wrote last night. The S.'s dined and passed the evening here. Captain H. departs for England.

Monday, April 8. In the evening dined with S. and Mary, and went to see the play. A new troop of actors, tolerable in their way; but the piece they chose to make their *debût* in was not the most advantageous for such a purpose. It seemed, however, to have some interest for the Italians, who did not not spare their plaudits. The scene was laid in England—the Secretary of State dying of a mysterious disorder, that baffled the skill of the physicians. A mysterious doctor at length offers to make a cure of the poor Secretary, provided he releases from prison one Jenkinson. The Secretary refuses, and the doctor declines to attend him, and so on. Jenkinson is at last released, and the Secretary finds himself better, to the great joy of the nation and his friends.

Tuesday, April 9. Read to Jane Lindsay's *Dramas of the Ancient World.* It is a remarkable coincidence that this volume should contain three pieces on precisely the same subjects, and having the same names, as Lord B.'s.

Wednesday, April 10. S. receives his *Hellas.* Trelawny dined and passed the evening. We talked of a play of his singular life, and a plot to give it the air of a romance.

Sunday, April 14th. Fine. Wrote a little. Called on Trelawny and walked with him. Read to him one or two scenes and revised them. S. finds fault with some of the foregoing ones. Called on Lord B. He is commencing the fifth Canto of *Don Juan.* Trelawny and the S.'s dined here and passed the evening. Lord B. recommends me to call the play *The Secret*, and not *Gonzaga.*

Monday, April 15th. Fine. Wrote a few lines. Heard from Spezzia that the persons to whom the houses belonged that we had calculated upon having this summer refuse to let them at all. This is a piece of spite uncommon in Italy, where all such feelings generally give place to a sense of interest. Called on Lord B., who imagines it is in consequence of the late disturbances that the Piedmontese Government object to S.'s residing there. Trelawny called in the evening. We intended to leave Pisa for Spezzia to-morrow, but Wednesday is now fixed. C[lair]e arrives from Florence.

Tuesday, April 16. Fine. As equally unsettled as ever with regard to our trip to Spezzia. The Governor refuses to sign my passport, it being too old. Walked with Mary to see the Turkish prince Mahomet Effendi practise the djerrid; but an ill performer; a Mahratta would astonish him. Trelawny dines.

Friday, April 19. Fine. Walked with Jane to the Botanical Gardens. Endeavoured to write, but found

myself quite incapable of collecting my ideas. Called on Lord Byron. The reports at Rome are that he has killed a Tuscan Colonel. The Colonel challenged him, but was never heard of after till found dead at the corner of a street. Mary and the Guiccioli underwent five hours' examination this morning.* The Countess said to the judge that she could not swear, but that she thought Mr. Taaffe was the person who stabbed the dragoon.

Saturday, April 20. Called on Lord B. Met Rogers the poet there, an old decrepid man, whose face bespeaks great imbecility of mind, but whose works prove the contrary.

Sunday, April 21. Call on S. Talk over the subject of the play. He gave me a long lecture on the

* This is Mrs. Shelley's account:—"The judge or advocate, called a Cancelliere, sent from Florence to determine the affair, dislikes the Pisans, and, having *poca paga*, expected a present from *Milordo*, and so favoured our part of the affair, was very civil, and so came to our house to take depositions, against the law. For the sake of the lesson, Hogg should have been there to learn how to cross-question. The Cancelliere, a talkative buffoon of a Florentine, with "mille scuse per l'incomodo," asked "Dove fù lei la sera del 24 Marzo?" "Andai a spazzo in carozza, fuori della porta della piaggia." A little clerk, seated beside him, with a great pile of papers before him, now dipt his pen into his ink-horn and looked expectant, while the Cancelliere, turning his eyes up to the ceiling, repeated, "Io fui a spazzo," etc. This scene lasted two, four, six hours, as it happened. In the space of two months the depositions of fifteen people were taken."

drama. Put me in bad spirits with myself. C. passed the evening.

Monday, April 22. My birthday. Forget whether born in 1793 or 1794—rather think the former.* T. examined. I interpret.

Tuesday, April 23. Left Pisa for Spezzia with C. and Jane.

Thursday, April 25. Return to Pisa. Meet S., his face bespoke his feelings. C.'s child was dead, and he had the office to break it to her, or rather not to do so; but fearful of the news reaching her ears, to remove her instantly from this place.

Friday, April 26. Mary, C., and Trelawny depart for Spezzia. Poor C. quite unconscious of the burden on her friends' minds.

Saturday, April 27. Cloudy and heavy rain. Heard that the dragoon is quite recovered. At 12 weather clearer. The two boats arrived at the landing-place, and we commenced loading them: all completed by four o'clock. At half-past five, Jane, the two children, Shelley, and myself, with the nurse, left Pisa (the other servants having gone in the boat), and arrived at Pietra Santa at half-past eleven.

* It was 1793.

Sunday, April 28. Fine. Arrive at Lerici at 1 o'clock. The harbour-master called. Not a house to be had. On our telling him we had brought our furniture, his face lengthened considerably, for he informed us that the dogana would amount to £300 English at least. Dined, and resolved on sending our things back without unlading—in fact, found ourselves in a devil of a mess. S. wrote to Mary, whom we heard was at Spezzia.

Monday, April 29. Cloudy. Accompanied the harbour-master to the chief of the customs at Spezzia. Found him exceedingly polite and willing to do all in his power to assist us. He will, therefore, take on himself to allow the furniture to come on shore when the boats arrive, and then consider our house as a sort of depôt, until further leave from the Genoa Government. Returned to Lerici somewhat calmed. Heard from Mary, at Sarzana, that she had concluded for Casa Magni—but for ourselves no hope.

Tuesday, April 30. Fine. Jane and myself, having resolved to send our furniture back, took a boat to Spezzia to make some arrangements with the master of the inn. This fellow had the impertinence to ask us 32 francs a day. On our return to Lerici, found Mary there and the two boats entering the harbour. After some delay at the Douane, we towed them across the bay to Casa Magni, and there unloaded the two in less than an hour, and stowed the things within the house at the same time. Jane, myself, and children slept at the inn.

Wednesday, May 1. Cloudy, with rain. Came to Casa Magni after breakfast; the Shelleys having contrived to give us rooms. Without them, heaven knows what we should have done. Employed all day putting the things away. All comfortably settled by four. Passed the evening talking over our folly and our troubles.

Thursday, May 2. Cloudy, with intervals of rain. Went out with Shelley in the boat—fish on the rocks—bad sport. Went in the evening after some wild ducks—saw nothing but sublime scenery, to which the grandeur of a storm greatly contributed. S. broke the sad news to Claire. We were seated in Jane's room, talking over the best means to be pursued, when she guessed the purpose of our meeting.

Friday, May 3. Fine. The captain of the port despatched a vessel for Shelley's boat. Went to Lerici with S., being obliged to market there, the servant having returned from Sarzana without being able to procure anything.

Saturday, May 4. Fine. Went fishing with Shelley. No sport. Loitered away the whole day. In the evening tried the rocks again, and had no less than thirty baits taken off by the small fish. Returned late—a heavy swell getting up. I think, if there are no tides in the Mediterranean, that there are strong currents, on which the moon, both at the full and at the change, has a

very powerful effect. The swell this evening is evidently caused by her influence, for it is quite calm at sea.

Sunday, May 5. Fine. Kept awake the whole night by a heavy swell which made a noise on the beach like the discharge of heavy artillery. Tried, with Shelley, to launch the small, flat-bottomed boat through the surf. We succeeded in pushing it through, but shipped a sea on attempting to land. Walk to Lerici along the beach, by a winding path on the mountain's side. Delightful evening—the scenery most sublime.

Monday, May 6. Fine. Some heavy drops of rain fell to-day, without a cloud being visible. Made a sketch of the Western side of the bay. Read a little. Walked with Jane up the mountain.

After tea, walking with Shelley on the terrace, and observing the effect of moonshine on the waters, he complained of being unusually nervous, and stopping short he grasped me violently by the arm, and stared steadfastly on the white surf that broke upon the beach under our feet. Observing him sensibly affected, I demanded of him if he were in pain? But he only answered by saying, "There it is again—There!" He recovered after some time, and declared that he saw, as plainly as he then saw me, a naked child (the child of a friend who had lately died) rise from the sea and clap its hands as in joy, smiling at him. This was a trance that it required some reasoning and philosophy entirely to awaken him from, so forcibly had the vision operated on his mind.

Our conversation, which had been at first rather melancholy, led to this; and my confirming his sensations, by confessing that I had felt the same, gave greater activity to his ever wandering and lively imagination.

Tuesday, May 7. Fine. Surf continues as heavy as ever, and prevents our getting out. Wrote to my brother. In the afternoon I made an effort, with Jane in the boat, to put to sea, which appeared quiet and calm in the offing; but a sea struck her on the bow while launching, and a second on the broadside almost swamped her. I got out, however, and landed Jane, half drowned, on the rocks. In the evening a heavy thunder-storm passed over; one flash of lightning, over Lerici, was particularly vivid. The steeple of that place has already been struck, and the inhabitants say at a time when not a cloud was to be seen.

Wednesday, May 9. Fine. Wrote to Medwin. Rowed in the little boat to Lerici. Heard from Trelawny that the *Don Juan* will be here to-morrow. At two, bathed. Fresh breeze, but water very warm. Every eye strains in hope of seeing the boat come in.

Thursday, May 10. Fine. Recommenced writing. Found my mind most unsettled—a confusion, a flood of ideas that drowned each other. Our anxiety for the boat increases. Walked with Jane and planted for her.

Friday, May 11. Fine. No boat arrives. Wrote a little. Heavy swell at sea and threatening weather.

The things arrive from Genoa and news of the boat; she is afraid to put to sea.

Saturday, May 12. Cloudy and threatening. Wrote during the morning. Went to Lerici with S. Heavy thunder and distant lightning, with rain. Wrote to Taaffe for my letters, having heard from the postmaster that he could not forward them without the postage being paid.

Monday, May 13. Rain during night in torrents. A heavy gale of wind from S.W., and a surf running heavier than ever. At 4, gale unabated; violent squalls. Walked to Lerici with Shelley, and went on board. Called on M. Maglian, and found him anxiously awaiting the moment of a third child's birth. In the evening, an electric arch forming in the clouds announces a heavy thunderstorm if the wind lulls. Distant thunder; gale increases; a circle of foam surrounds the bay; dark, rainy, and tempestuous, with flashes of lightning at intervals, which give us no hope of better weather. The learned in these things say that it generally lasts three days when once it commences as this has done. We all feel as if we were on board ship, and the roaring of of the sea brings this idea to us even in our beds.

Tuesday, May 14. Clear weather, and the breeze greatly moderated, contrary to all the expectations and the prophecies of these would-be sailors—these weather-wise landsmen. While dressing this morning I saw the

boat, under easy sail, bearing on and off land. At 9 we took her down, under topsails and flying jib, to Spezzia; and after tacking round some of the craft there, returned to Lerici in an hour and a-half—a distance, they say, of four leagues. On our return, we were hailed by a servant of Count S., a minister of the Emperor of Austria, who sent desiring to have a sail; but before he could get on board, the wind had lulled into a perfect calm, and we only got into the swell and made him sick.

Friday, 17th May. Fine. S. and Jane go to Carrara. Hove the boat down and smoothed her bottom. Unbent the mainsail, and took it to Magliana to see if the letters could be erased which Lord B., in his contemptible vanity, or for some other purpose, begged of Roberts to inscribe on the boat's mainsail. All efforts useless.

Saturday, May 18. Fine fresh breeze. Sailed with Shelley to the outer island, and find that there is another small one beyond, which we have named the Siren's Rock. This name was chosen in consequence of hearing, at the time we were beating to windward to weather it, a sort of murmuring, which, as if by magic, seemed to proceed from all parts of our boat, now on the sea, now here, now there. At length we found that a very small rope (or cord rather) had been fastened to steady the peak when the boat was at anchor, and being drawn extremely tight with the weight of the sail, it vibrated as the wind freshened. Being on the other tack, as we approached, it ceased; and again, as we stood off, it recommenced its

song. The Siren's Island was well named; for standing in close to observe it, from a strong current setting towards it, the boat was actually attracted so close, that we had only time to tack, and save ourselves from its alluring voice. On our return we unbent the mainsail, and endeavoured by every means to extract the paint from the sail without effect.

Sunday, May 19. Fine. Wrote a little during the morning, but the bay and the boat have too many temptations, and I find I cannot collect my thoughts. Sailed in the evening.

Monday, May 20. Fine. Sailed with Jane over to the Lazaretto, in order to see the sail-maker about the mainsail. Nothing to be done. A beautiful safe bay within.

Tuesday, May 21. Cloudy and calm. Rose at half-past five and took Maglian down to Spezzia. I called on the Inspector of Customs, to request his interest in getting his (Shelley's) books on shore. They came from England, and were directed to Pisa, but having been forwarded to us here in the Piedmontese territories, it is necessary that they should be inspected at Genoa by certain persons appointed by the Governors of the Church in order to prevent any seditious or immoral publications from falling into the hands of this *free and pious people*—this is a tyranny that cannot last long. It signifies nothing to what port soever they may be consigned; they must be

seen and examined at Genoa, and a permit given before any book of any kind, even a prayer book or missal, can be suffered to land. A ship, for instance, bound for Leghorn to Marseilles—as the one who brought Shelley's books really is—must touch at Genoa, however much out of her way, under a penalty of imprisonment for life.

T.'s application proves ineffective, and with the curses of all parties away went the books for Genoa. Sent to Genoa for some canvas. Claire departs for Florence—and Beta and Domenico* leave Mary's service.

Thursday May 23. Fine. Worked all day at the boat, and find that I am a better hand with the pencil than the chisel; that is, that I can make plans better than make boats.

In the afternoon lowering black clouds. Sailed for an hour, and before night much alarmed for the safety of the boat: heavy sea running, but the wind is too strong from the S.E. to rise much during the night.

Sunday, May 26. Cloudy. Rose at six, and went with Shelley and Maglian to Massa. The landing-place, or rather the beach, which is about three miles from the town, affords no kind of shelter but where there is a continued sea running. A little to the left of the second gun battery, is a shelf running parallel to the beach, at the termination of which five feet of water may be had. This shelf is indicated by the shortness and frequency of

* Probably the Domenico mentioned in *The Boat on the Serchio.*

the surf, and the deep water by a partial cessation of it. It is necessary, before any effort is made to work her in, to send a strong sternfast on shore for this purpose, as the current of the Magra sets forcibly to the eastward, and sweeps her suddenly into the surf beyond. We dined at Massa, and left it again at ten minutes past four, with a strong westerly wind straight in our teeth. This wind (the ponente as it is called) always sends a damp vapour from the sea, which gathers into watery clouds on the mountain tops, and generally sinks with the sun, but strengthens as he declines. To the landing-place it is said to be fifteen miles from Lerici. We left the latter place at a little past eight and arrived at eleven, and returned in seven hours.

Monday, May 27. Fine. Made further efforts to complete my boat of reeds, but in vain. During our sail to Massa yesterday Maglian told us that, being invited to dine with the Commandant of that place, he arrived at the gate of the city, and, on enquiry into the truth of a certain rumour that was whispered mysteriously about, he learned that his friend, the night before—having been at a *festa di balia*—met there the lady of his love, whom he served as a *cavaliero servente*. There was between them a slight jealousy,—that is, it appears, that the commandant suspected her fidelity; and, approaching her after the salutation was over, he observed to her that she had a most beautiful bouquet of flowers, which she held with a careless and coquettish air as if they had been the secret gift of the really favoured (in order to call forth

some remark). "What!" replied she, "you are jealous, too, of my poor flowers. Then, take them!"—and offered them with a seeming indifference. "No," said he, placing his hand rather rudely upon them and pushing them towards her, "they are better where they are." "Then," replied she, "as you refuse both me and my flowers, go to your bed and die!" Her words were prophetic. The bouquet was most subtly poisoned; and she took care that he should prick himself if he touched it. This happened, and he died a little after midnight. The fact is, she was as jealous of him as he of her, and thus avenged herself.

May 31. Fine. At work on the boat. I find I have made it double the size I intended.

Saturday, June 1. Fine. Out of patience with the boat. I take her to pieces and commence anew. Sailed with the whole party in the evening.

Thursday, June 6. Calm. Left Villa Magni, at five, on our way to Via Reggio. At eight the wind sprung up, baffling in all directions but the right one. At eleven, we could steer our course, but at one it fell calm, and left us like a log on the water, but four miles to windward of Massa. We remained there till six, the thunder-clouds gathering on the mountains around, and threatening to burst in squalls; heat excessive. At seven, rowed into Massa beach, but on attempting to land we were opposed by the guard, who told us that, the head

person of the fort (of two rusty guns) being at Festa, as he was not able to read, we must wait till the former arrived. Not willing to put up with such treatment, Shelley told him at his peril to detain us, when the fellow brought down two old muskets, and we prepared our pistols, which he no sooner saw we were determined to use, than he called our servant to the beach, and, desiring him to hold the paper about a yard from him, he suffered two gentlemen who were bathing near the place to explain who and what we were. Upon this, the fellow's tone changed from presumption to the most cowardly fawning, and we proceeded to Massa unmolested. Slept at Massa, about three miles inland.

Friday, June 7. Left Massa at half-past five. A dead calm—the atmosphere hot and oppressive. At eight a breeze sprung up, which enabled us to lie up to Magra Point. Beat round the point and reached home at half-past two.

Sunday, June 9. Fine. Hot and oppressive weather. Sailed during the forenoon to the outer island. On my return found Mary had been alarmingly unwell, and that she had [miscarried] though I left her at breakfast perfectly well. Night, strangely better.

Wednesday, June 12. Launched the little boat, which answered our wishes and expectations. She is 86 lbs. Sailed in the evening, but were becalmed in the offing, and left there with a long ground swell which

made Jane little better than dead. Hoisted out our little boat and brought her on shore; her landing attended by the whole village.

Thursday, June 13. Fine. At nine, saw a vessel between the straits of Porto Venere, like a man-of-war brig. She proved to be the *Bolivar*, with Roberts and Trelawny on board, who are taking her round to Livorno. On meeting them we were saluted by six guns. Sailed together to try the vessels: in speed no chance with her, but I think we keep as good a wind. She is the most beautiful craft I ever saw, and will do more for her size. She cost Lord Byron £750 clear off and ready for sea, with provisions and conveniences of every kind.

Wednesday, June 19. Fine. The swell continues, and I am now the more persuaded that the moon influences the tides here—particularly the new moon—on the first week before she makes her appearance. Took the ballast out and hauled the boat on the beach. Cleaned and greased her.

Thursday, June 20. Fine. Shelley hears from Hunt that he is arrived at Genoa, having sailed from England on the 13th May.

Saturday, June 22. Calm. Heat overpowering, but in the shade refreshed by the sea breeze. At seven, launched our boat with all our ballast in. She floats three inches lighter than before. This difference is

caused, I imagine, by her planks having dried while on shore.

Sunday, June 23. S. sees spirits, and alarms the whole house.*

Thursday, June 27. The heat increases daily, and prayers are offering for rain. At Parma it is now so excessive, that the labourers are forbidden to work in the fields after ten and before five, fearful of an epidemic.

Saturday, June 29. Shelley's books arrive from Genoa. This is a good fortune of which I had little hope.

Sunday, June 30. Read some of Shelley's *Queen Mab*—an astonishing work. The enthusiasm of his spirit breaks out in some admirable passages in the poetry, and the notes are as subtle and elegant as he could now write.

Monday, July 1. Calm and clear. Rose at four to get the top-sails altered. At twelve, a fine breeze from the westward tempted us to weigh for Leghorn. At two, stretched across to Lerici, to pick up Roberts; and at half-past found ourselves in the offing, with a side wind. At half-past nine arrived at Leghorn—a run of forty-five to fifty miles in seven hours and a-half.

* No further account is given; but see Dowden, Vol. II., pp. 515, 516.

Anchored astern the *Bolivar*, from which we procured cushions, and made up for ourselves a bed on board, not being able to get on shore after sunset, on account of the health office being shut at that hour.

Tuesday, July 2. Fine weather. We heard this morning that the *Bolivar* was about to sail for Genoa, and that Lord Byron was quitting Tuscany on account of Count Gamba's family having again been exiled thence. This, on reaching the shore, I found really to be the case; for they had just left the police office, having there received the order. Met Lord Byron at Dunn's, and took leave of him. Was introduced to Mr. Leigh Hunt, and called on Mrs. Hunt. Shopped and strolled about all day. Met Lieutenant Marsham of the *Rochefort*, an old school-fellow and shipmate.

Wednesday, July 3. Fine, strong sea-breeze.

Thursday, July 4. Fine. Processions of priests and religiosi have for several days been active in their prayers for rain; but the gods are either angry or nature is too powerful.

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